

HELIX 20 cents HELIX

ed.: Paul Dorpat cover: John Cunniff

cover: Wm. Ward



UPS

25¢
over
50¢ title

funk

being an electric
old-Timey
definition
thereof....
[to be thought in a
nasal vibrato]

....for John
Cunnick and
his birthday... a
swell pair of lads.

immediately when i heard about bob dylan's
monkey i knows, finally what all those
[who, who, who like blowing a jug] things
are called. Those vacuum cleaner kisses;
those old memphis sheiks on hes in the jail?
house now; those Seattle frembs that sure do
look like St. Vinnies racks, those Vermont school
frembs that cant be seen for listening to the B.B.C.,
by kerosene lamps between all those barnboards, on the
filthy old radio that Albert May sold them at the Mollies Pond
auction for \$5. with that fringe old platform rockin chair
that theys sitten on thrown in. And big Mama Thornton swinging
her very own self is too. Funky.

Yes, then i knows it. When i see Elaine in her school room and
its all stark-like and empty because she doesnt like to stay
there too well i think poor child until i see right over her window
that old ornated frame, flower-covered HOME, SWEET HOME picture
straight from Dude and Harry's in Cabot, then i smile. Funky.

But even though i knows it, how do i tell you about it, i began
to worry a short time ago. So i looked it up in funk and wagganalls
dictionary, which said: FUNK IS THAT WHICH DELIGHTS THE SOUL TO THE
BITTER END. Like ray collins' cartoony pictures, it said. And then it said,
right there, that musical funk was easier to figure out, cause it gets
vibrato. Kazoos and wet 12 string harmonicas are funky. Then there's
those P.H. Phactors who try to mind-funk you with their ELECTRIC Jug
band imitation train sounds.

Anyway, then the dictionary said, to understand the rest of funk.
You must remember how you felt [who, who, who like hearing that jug]
listening to funky music and when you look at something and feel quite the
same you can be pretty sure that you're looking at something funky. But
if its a situation, there is more to know. Its called the UNEXPECTED
EXPECTED in Bb vibrato. But thanky goodness they explained THAT
[and strange enough it was in my very words] saying:

Straightway when dylan puts his monkey on the log
telling it to dance the dog i says to myself, i bet that
monkey CAN just dance the dog strange as it might
seem. I just bet i can expect it. Then what do i
know but that old monkey isn't dancing the
dog, but instead hes dancing the GRIZZLY
BEAR - with one hand waving free to top
it all. what can i say? i unexpectedly
expected that? No, i just say- Kinda funky.

POISONED!

love
Maryle



FLOYD TURNER IS FREE ON BAIL

EFFORTS TO FREE HIM THOUGH INITIALLY FRUSTRATING WERE IN CONCLUSION ESPECIALLY REWARDING. OUT OF THE ENTIRE PROTRACTED MESS — AND IT ISN'T OVER — CAME A CONCERTED EFFORT ON THE PART OF MANY TO RAISE THE 3000 DOLLARS NECESSARY FOR BOND. OVER HALF OF THIS WILL LIKELY NOW BE PUT BACK INTO A BAIL FUND FOR PERSONS IN SIMILAR PREDICAMENTS. A 21 MAN BOARD WHICH MET LAST WEEK WILL MEET AGAIN SOON TO HEAR THE ADVICE OF ITS STEERING COMMITTEE OF 3 ON HOW TO USE THE FUNDS. GENE KEYSER, MIKE ROSEN, AND ALEX GOTTFRIED — THE STEERING COMMITTEE — WILL PRINCIPALLY HAVE TO HANDLE THE UNHAPPY PROBLEM OF WHERE TO DRAW THE LINE..... THE FUNDS ARE LIMITED BUT THE FUND DOES ALREADY HAVE A NAME...ONE STRATEGICALLY AMBIGUOUS: THE FREE PRISONERS BAIL FUND OF SEATTLE.

FLOYD, NOW FREE AND LOOKING FOR A JOB, WOULD LIKE TO PERSONALLY THANK ALL THOSE WHO CONTRIBUTED TOWARDS HIS BAIL, BUT IN LIEU OF NOT BEING ABLE TO CONTACT ALL THOSE WHO PLUNKED A DOLLAR OR TWO IN LOOSE CHANGE IN ONE OF THE MANY CANS THAT CIRCULATED THROUGH THE CITY'S PARKS AND STREETS, HE HAS ASKED HELIX TO SIMPLY SAY "THANKS."

FLOYD ALSO PROMISES NEVER AGAIN TO BURN A FLAG IN ABSENTIA



BRATCHER

The army provides that a sincere conscientious objector may be released from the army if he finds that his presence in the army conflicts with his "higher moral duty." Before the recent build-up in Vietnam, the ACLU reports that approximately 80% of those who applied for release on the basis of conscience were released. However, today there has been very few, if any men, released from the army for reasons of conscience.

On April 10, Michael Bratcher began his long struggle to be released from the army. He had served as a medic for over a year and suddenly realized that he was patching men up to send them back to kill. On April 10, Bratcher walked into his commanding officer's office in civilian clothing and said, "I quit." His efforts to end his relationship with the army were to no avail and he was subsequently placed in the stockade for willful disobedience of a direct order and failure to report for duty. He commenced a hunger strike in the stockade and when he came down with pericarditis he was transferred to Madigan Hospital where he was forced to end his fast. On May 27th, Bratcher was court martialed, and through the aid of Mike Rosen, was found innocent of willful disobedience of a lawful order. However, he was found guilty of being AWOL and was fined \$60 and released from the stockade. Nevertheless, he was still in the army, an institution which was repugnant to his conscience.

Bratcher left the base and went to a place which he felt was conducive to writing his application for a C.O. discharge. He then returned to Seattle where he attempted, with the aid of Draft Resistance - Seattle, to hold a press conference to explain his position and once again resign from the army. Several of the people who had planned the conference realized that Bratcher might be stopped before he had a chance to make his statement. Few thought that the army would be so crass as to intercede, however, precautions were taken just in case the army did try to stop him. Bratcher gave a copy of his statement to a member of Draft Resistance - Seattle. Upon his arrival at the American Friends Center at 11:00 p.m. on June 22, Bratcher was met by approximately 150 picketers marching in his behalf, a team of newsmen from Seattle T.V. and radio and two M.P.'s. Before the M.P. could get to him, the newsmen surrounded him and began to ask questions.

However, the M.P.'s broke through and told Bratcher he was not to say anything more to the newsmen and was to come with them.

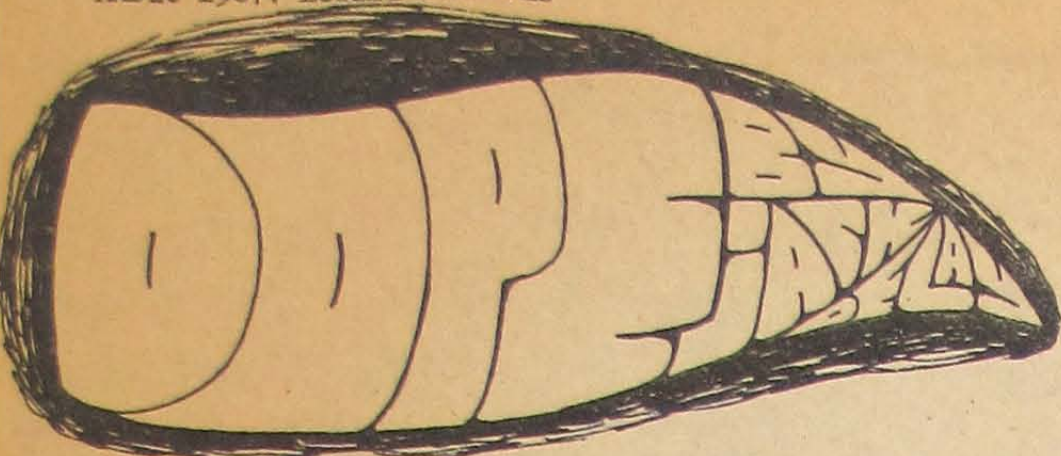
When he was whisked into the waiting car, a newsman asked him what he thought would happen now. While the M.P. ordered him to roll up the window and answer no more questions, Bratcher answered, "I guess it's back to the stockade." His prediction subsequently proved true. Upon returning to the base, he filed his application for C.O. discharge. The army ordered him back to school and he refused since such action would be opposed to his expressed beliefs. He was again placed in the stockade and will soon be court martialed again for willful disobedience of a lawful order. If he is convicted he may be sentenced to up to five years of hard labor.

STATEMENT OF MIKE BRATCHER WHICH HE DID NOT DELIVER BECAUSE OF HIS ARREST BY MP'S ON THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1967:

The channel of exit that the military theoretically provides for those who can no longer perform military duty for reasons of conscience is virtually closed. A bit over two years ago, 80% of those who applied for release as conscientious objectors were released. In the last year, it seems that no CO's have been released. In view of the increased number of applicants that has resulted from personal confrontations with the Viet Nam war, the percentage of CO applicants now gaining release from the military appears to be infinitesimal.

It also seems that the people who pass judgment on CO applications for discharge, ultimately General Hersey, have not heard of the Seeger case which liberalized the legal definition of conscientious objector. Further, it appears that even if one is lucky enough to have his application approved all along the route to D.C., it will finally be disapproved by General Hersey who seems to have decided that no one will be released from the military for reasons of conscience.

Hence, there is no legal avenue of release open to me. Later today, I will apply for discharge as a CO with no hope for reasonable consideration. I will inform my commanding officer that I can no longer function as a soldier and wait to be taken to the stockade.



It will be the expressed purpose of this column to assume some of the responsibilities that our government (at every level) has chosen to ignore. The state of Washington in its last session of the legislature was faced with an excellent bill for the control and research of psychedelic drugs. It was not passed. Instead they took the easy way out and passed HB353 simply making the sale, possession, and use of these drugs illegal. By putting the cookie jar on the top shelf, the legislature has effectively made the control of these drugs impossible.

The combination of this lack of control with the carnival attraction generated by the press creates a real problem. Anybody can get the drugs, but information concerning them is scanty. This column will neither promote nor denounce these drugs, but only disseminate as much factual information as possible. To neglect providing this information for those already attracted by newspaper sensationalism is insane.

Since there is so much bullshit flowing concerning drugs, avid heads of all sorts will surely find points of argument. Professional help is being enlisted to research these matters out the grapevine has its merits and we would appreciate any information (or questions) from the readers. Write DOPE, P. HELIX.

Now for the amazing and elusive new mind-additive, STP. After filtering through about two months worth of contradictory crap from newspapers, dealers, and doctors some facts come through loud and clear. It is not some freak combination of other psychedelics. It is a new, synthetic-atropine-like drug. It is related to, but not the same as, an Army-developed chemical warfare drug known as BZ. BZ is used for the temporary incapacitation of the enemy through confusion (a state not entirely new in the hip scene.) It is interesting to note that the reason the Army chose BZ over mescaline and LSD is because of its relatively smaller dose for effectiveness. This confirms reports from fairly reliable sources that the trip dosage of STP is only 10 mcgs.

Atropine is not new on the scene by any means. It is a derivative from both Atropa belladonna and Datura Stramonium (jimson weed). Both of these drugs are in Asmador (a drug for asthmatics), which people have used for trips. Belladonna has also been sold as acid (it is usually called bad acid) and is used in many cold remedies (Contac for example) Small doses of atropine-like substances are used extensively to dry up mucous membranes, to reduce muscle cramps, and to lessen the flow of digestive juices. (If you are going to trip on STP do not eat just before or early in the trip; you will have digestive problems and maybe barf.) Large doses of atropine substances can produce convulsions, coma, respiratory failure, or death. Use of downers (thorazine, Mrenquel, niacinimide, barbs, etc.) will further complicate matters and increase the severity of these problems.

Before going into the STP trip itself, several points must be made on the basis of strictly physiological data. You cannot drug-terminate the trip, which may last several days. You cannot sleep for about 20 hours. STP itself is much more dangerous than other psychedelics because of its atropine-like composition. An overdose of STP could be fatal also many people are selling various mixtures of belladonna and speeds as STP and they are quite dangerous.

As far as the proper dose is concerned, only one hit should be taken (the fun and games acid thing of how many caps did you take might turn out to be lethal). The only legitimate STP in Seattle now is a solid blue tab. It is about 1/4" (between aspirin size and vitamin C size) polished on both sides, and scored on one side. Orange tabs domed on both sides (also smooth and professional looking) are the only other confirmed legitimate STP. The orange tabs are not available in Seattle yet. Be careful who you buy from and be ware of caps or anything other than described herein. The price should not be more than \$7 and \$5 should be standard soon.

So now we come to the really nebulous part of this bit: what is the STP trip like? The information gathered was first-hand from Seattle people who have taken it recently. Some of them were still up when interviewed. First of all, the beginning of the trip comes on like a layback. You feel totally useless and go through acid-like illusory distortions for 12 to 20 hours. Usually you can then sleep 4 to 10 hours and wake up to the peak of the trip which is a real mind-high. It is most intense for that day and then begins to lessen as time goes on, and the transition to being down is not noticed. One person was still mildly confused after seven days. Another didn't like it for about the first 12 hours and then "learned to get high with it." No one reported a bum trip. One person lay on the grass and played with grasshoppers and ants for 8 hours, not even desiring to talk to the people around him. All the people who took it except the one still confused were pretty solid acid heads. They all felt it would be extremely unwise for a person to take it without exposure to acid. As one put it, "they should take acid first to get used to the concept of evergy." One said a single trip was enough; most expressed that moderate use (every couple of months) would be their bag; another said as often as possible.

So that's all we can give you on STP right now. It's definitely not for the novice; its long-term effects are not known; you have to allow three days anyway for the first trip; it is definitely dangerous for the reasons already mentioned; but acid heads seem to be able to handle it without too much trouble.

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This entire issue is dedicated to JOHN CUNNICK who had to leave town a C.O. without a hospital job. John will continue to write for Helix - cf. picture & poems p.11 & john's column p. 8.-----

The last issue is dedicated to no one. The staff is alert to its purely shitty quality. Maryl - inspired - labeled it anal-retentive. Slow in coming out and then...
AMU RO ANY RIDES TO S.F. PLEASE TO CONTACT HELIX TO CARRY PAPERS AND/OR PEOPLE.
Don Phipps famous "DOORS" can now be seen at the Q'RAS GALLERY. "most stunning art since the inquisition" 617 western
This paper is 1400 dollars in debt due principally to "inefficient" return of funds by "dealers." The 20¢ charge this issue is an attempt to make some of it up. Later, when we get on a web press - in the fall - it will cost less to produce.

CF BOX BELOW FOR INFORMATION ON NEW JOB CO-OP.

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clothes for the ladies and the gents
and all the clothes are as cheap as you can get
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FOR PEOPLE WHO MUST WEAR CLOTHES
each item is a kind of a
ONE KIND!
WE SWEET HOME THATS WHAT IT IS!

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THANK YOU



SO MUCH HAS HAPPENED
ALL READY
THIS YEAR
HERE
NOT THE IMMIGRATION FROM
THE SOUTH
QUITE
BUT INVADERS ARE NOT
UN KNOWN
ON THEOTHER HAND

LIKE THE MEDITERRANEANS
GREEKS ARABIANS
JEWS ITALIANS
THOSE LATIN BLOODS
FROM THE SOUTH
OR THE AMAZONS
CORTEZ WAS LOOKING
FOR
SUNNY CALIFORNIA
ARE AMONG US
ALREADY
YOU CAN'T KEEP
SAN FRANCISCO - LA

AWAY
ANYWHERE TODAY.

NOT EVEN THIS TIGHT PLACE
GREEN TREES AND HARBORS
THE INDIANS JUST DID
LEAVE
(NOT UNTIL THEY'D
MADE SOME PRETTY
GOOD FIGHTS
WHIDBEY ISLAND
WAR COUNCILS
WHERE THE NAVY JETS
STILL RIDE
FT. NISQUALLY
MASSACRES
FT. LEWIS WAR
GROUNDS
LONG SACRED

AND NOW WE'RE TAKING
IT BACK
INDIANS FROM THE SOUTH
CALIFORNIANOS
FROM TRAIT HOUSES
ASPHALTED EARTH
FEET TOUGH FOR THE WALKING
ANYTHING OVER THE
HEAD AT NIGHT
WHERE A HOUSE IS
ONLY TO SLEEP IN

SUMMER'S HERE
TAKE TO THE HILLS!
THE FIELDS ARE
FLOWERED
OCEAN BLOWING
SUN LIGHT
THE CITY'S NO PLACE TO BE
UNTIL IT'S RAINY
AND COLD
THREE MONTHS TO BE
UNDER THE MOON

REMBERING INDIANS WERE DONE
AWAY
GREAT GENOCIDE
TO ARISE AGAIN
THE NEW JERUSALEM
AND THE OLD
ARE OURS.

7/2/67
paul sawyer

'u' district job center

Are you hassled with finding bread? Want to experience what all those straight cats are always mouthing off about?/. If you can't make a contact and want a temporary or part-time job try the listings at the new U.District Job Center, located at the Free University, 42nd & U.Way. Phone ME 2-2299
If you are interested in getting hippies off the street and have any sort of jobs you want done, call us or fill out a selfmade form and send it to the Free University. 4144/2 U. Way.

such as (Gardening, Car Washing, Baby-Sitting, Painting, or other odd jobs.)

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GH. AMBLE.

an interview given to ~~~~~

George: If you could just say a word and it would tell people something straight to the point, then, you take all the words that are going to say everything, and you'd get it in about two lines. Just use those. Just keep saying those words.

Miles: Like the 'Hari Krishna' chants, except there the meaning of the world gradually fades away anyway.

George: That's right. They get hung up on the meaning of the word rather than the sound of the word. "In the beginning was the word" and that's the thing about Krishna, saying Krishna, Krishna, Krishna, Krishna, so it's not the word that you're saying, it's the sound: Krishna Krishna Krishna Krishna Krishna Krishna and it's just sounds and it's great. Sounds are vibrations and the more you can put into that vibration, the more you can get out, action and reaction, that's the thing to tell the people. You see it's all very obvious, the whole thing of life and all the answers to everything are in one divine law, Karma action and reaction. It's obvious: everybody knows that if they're happy then usually the people around them are happy, or that people around them happy make them a little happier; that's a proved thing, like "I give to you and you give to me," they all know that but they haven't thought about it to the point of every action that they do. That's what it is with every action that you do, there's a reaction to it, and if you want a good reaction then you do a good action, and if you want a bad one, then you punch somebody. But that's where it is at. Just that one thing. That's why there is the whole scene of heaven and hell; heaven and hell is right now, right at this moment. You make it heaven or you make it hell by your actions . . . it's just obvious, isn't it?

Miles: People don't realise all of the possibilities, they don't realise how much they are in charge of the reality of their situation.

George: Well, that's because of ignorance; everybody is great really and has got to be great because they're going to be here until they get straight and that's it . . . Everybody would like to be good, that's the silly thing, everybody always likes it when they're having a nice time or when they're happy or when it's sunny, they all dig it; but then they go and forget about it, they never really try to make it nice. They think that it just comes along and it's nice if you're lucky, or if you're unlucky it's bad for you.

Miles: People act unconsciously at this level, they don't realise that they are purposely going out to stop things from getting any better.

George: They're all ignorant, they fear new things, they fear knowledge somehow, I don't know why. Everything that I ever learned was always so great. I never thought so at the time, it was just that little bit more in your mind an expansion of consciousness or awareness. Even those of us who are very very aware are still so unaware. Everything's relative so that, the more you know, the more you know you don't know anything . . .

Christ was the one washing the leper's feet so he was very, very humble, but it's not the way they're putting it down now. They feel as though God is that up there and they are that down there and they don't realise that they are God and that Christ was exactly the same as us but he realises that he was God. That's all it is, we're God too but we don't realise it . . .

I'm a person who's trying to live within divine law, to the best and it's very hard because it's self-discipline, because the more you realise, the more you've got to get yourself straight, so it's hard, you know. I'm trying and there are a lot of people who are trying, even people who are not conscious that they are doing it, but they are really . . . doing things for the good, or just to be happy or whatever. But then there's those other people, but you've got to have them to have this . . . I'm not a part of anything in particular, because it's not really 1967 and it's not half - past eight, that's still what people have said it is. So it's just a little bit of time out of the cycle. There's this Indian fellow who worked out a cycle like the idea of stone - age, bronze - age, only he did it on an Indian one. The cycle goes from nothing until now and 20th century and then on and right around the cycle until the people are really grooving and then it just sinks back into ignorance until it gets back into the beginning again. So the 20th century is a fraction of that cycle, and how many of those cycles has it done yet? It's done as many as you think and all these times it's been through exactly the same things, and it'll be this again. Only a few million million years and it'll be exactly the same thing going on, only with other people doing it . . . I am part of the cycle, rebirth death, rebirth death, rebirth death. Some of the readers will know exactly what I mean, the ones who believe in re-incarnation. It's pointless me trying to explain things like rebirth and death because I've just accepted that, you know, I can leave that.

Miles: The final death comes when the energy of consciousness reaches a point of complete unity with the universal energy flow and then ZAP, no more rebirth.

George: But that's in that book. That is the final release of that bit of you that is God so that it can merge into everything else. ("Autobiography of a Yogi"). It's a far-out book, it's a gas. Through Yoga, anybody can attain; it's a God realisation; you just practise Yoga and if you really mean it, then you'll do it. You'll do it to a degree . . . there's Yogis that have done it to such a degree that they're God, they're like Christ and they can walk on the water and materialise bodies and they can do all those tricks. But that's not the point; the point is that we can all do that and we've all got to do that and we'll keep on being re-born because for the law of action and reaction: "What-so-ever a man soweth, that shall he also reap;" you reap when you come back in your next birth, what you've sown in your previous incarnation, that's why I'm me and you're you and he's him and we are all whoever we are. From when I was born where I am now, all I did was to be me to get this; Whatever you've done, you get it back, so you can either go on, or you can blow it.

Miles: Are you concerned with communications?
George: Oh, yes, of course, we are all one, I mean communication, just the realisation of human love reciprocated, it's such a gas, it's a good vibration which makes you feel good. These vibrations that you get through Yoga, Cosmic chants and things like that. I mean it's such a buzz, it buzzes you out of everywhere. It's nothing to do with pills or anything like that. It's just in your own head, the realisation, it's such a buzz, it buzzes you right into the astral plane.

Nobody can become a drug addict if they're hip. Because it's obvious that if you're hip then you've got to make it. The buzz of all buzzes which is the



thing that is God -- you've got to be straight to get it. I'm sorry to tell you (turning to microphone) . . . you can get it better or more if you're straight because you can only get it to a degree. You know even if you get it, you only get it to a degree. You know even if you get it, you only get it however long your pill lasts. So the thing is, if you really want to get it permanently, you have got to do it, you know . . . Be healthy, don't eat meat, keep away from those Night-Clubs and MEDITATE . . . The clan. The Klu Klux Klan or whatever they are. Do you know, it's stupid, isn't it, they're only little fellows who just put on their outfit, it's like we could be them, you just get into your outfit and

you go out with your little banner shouting at somebody like that. There was all that thing about the "Klan are coming to get us" at a concert somewhere in the States -- and there were about 4 or 5 of them walking up and down, shouting, "Don't go in there . . . something about that Christ thing, and there was all the kids shouting at them and laughing at them and that then the police came around and told them to move away. It wasn't like you imagine . . . people with all fiery crosses and coming to burn us. Oh yes that was silly.

Miles: Did you find it easy to communicate with people in India?

George: With most of the people you just communicate you don't have to talk. There are such great musicians; it was so nice and it was really just so . . . straight. They have a whole thing of trying to be humble, you've got to be humble really to be yourself or to get a chance to be yourself. If you're not humble, your ego and your big cabbage head are getting in the way. There were these musicians who are all advanced students of Ravi's and he'd been giving them a lesson. We were there just to watch a bit, and he sat in the middle and sang and they all followed him and went through about two and a half hours . . . improvised the whole lot. He was singing -- which was pretty far out. All these people playing knocked me out so much, it was so great yet they were so humble and saying "It's such a pleasure to meet you," which was horrible because I was trying to be humble there. I was there for that, not for anything to do with being a Beatle. Ravi Shankar is so brilliant and these fellows, as far as I was concerned, were very far out . . . with people you communicate, there is no bullshit, because they don't create it. It's not so much a game as Western thought because they're a bit more spiritually inclined and they just sort of feel . . .

Miles: Did you just realise this yourself?

George: I felt the vibrations all the time from the people I was with. They've all got their problems but they're just happy and vibrate.

Miles: You didn't search out a Guru?

George: Ravi's my musical Guru, but the whole musical thing was too much just to be able to appreciate it whether I play or not. I've never been knocked out with anything for so long. But then later I realised that there wasn't the real thing, that was still only a little stepping stone for me to see. Through the music you reach the spiritual but the music's very involved with the spiritual as we know from Hari Krishna we just heard.* It's so attuned to the spiritual scene, it depends how spiritual the musician is.

Ravi is fantastic. He just sits there with a bit of wire and just does all that and says all that, things that you know and can't say because there's no words and he can say it like that.

Miles: Why does it come across best in music?

George: Because music is sound, vibrations, whereas paintings are vibrations of whatever you pick up. It's not actually an energy vibration you get from a groovy painting, but music and sound seem to travel along vibrations, you know the whole thing with mantras is to repeat and repeat those sounds. . . it's vibrations in everything like prayers and hymns. They don't know about this over here. Prayer is to vibrate, do the devotion, whatever it is, to whoever you believe in, Christ or Buddha or Krishna or any of them. You get the response depending on how much you need it. Those people become that because they give it out, they want it so much, they give out so much, they get back so much, it snowballs until you're Christ. You know we're back to that again. I'm not really hip to too much of the Zen or the Buddhist point of view, but you see I don't have to because I just know that they're all the same, it's all the same, it's just which ever one you want to take and it happens that I'm taking the Hindu one . . . Be straight with yourself just to maybe save a few more people from being stupid and being ignorant. That's what we're doing here now, talking, because we've got to save them, because they're all potentially divine.

Miles: Does that concern you much?

George: I couldn't cut off from everyone, because I'm still leaning on them, so if I'm leaning on them then there's someone leaning on me, only very subtly. I'm part of a structure that's going on and rather than cop out now, just at the moment, because I'm not ready, I'll wait. Maybe later on I'll get into where it's peaceful. We're already getting going, so that we'll have somewhere nice to be, because that's what it is you know, everybody should just stay at home and meditate and they'd be so much happier. That'll all come for us, because we are going to make it. "You make and preserve the image of your choice." But still we've got to communicate. We've got to be doing things because we're part of it and because it's nice. You've got to have an outlet. It's like having a big intake in the front of your head and there's so much going on, and it's going through all this, and there's a little exhaust-pipe on the back, that goes POW and lets a bit out. The aim is to get as much going out the back as is coming in. You've got to do that because for everything you get in you've got to give something out. So The Beatles, and whatever our own personal interests are, what we're doing from day to day, then that's like our little exhaust, coming out the back.

Miles: Which seems to be getting bigger and bigger?

George: Well it's got to be but it's great, just the realisation of it all, everything feasible because it's all only a dream anyway and that gives you infinite scope. You just go on and on and on until you go right out there. The thing is we could go; there's times, I'm sure, where we hold back a lot with

things like Strawberry Fields. I know there's a lot of people who like that who probably wouldn't have liked us a year ago. And then there's a lot of people who didn't like it who did like us a year ago. It's

Miles of the **it** (London.)

all the same really. Just some people pretend it's not happening. But they know, they simply must know. Because we're all together on this thing, we're just part of it and we'd like to get as many people who want to be a part of it with us. And if we really freaked out . . .

Miles: Do you think you're bringing most of them along with you?

George: Well, we're losing a lot but we're gaining a lot too, I think. I dunno. But what I think, whatever it is, it's good. When somebody does something which everybody really wants to do, then it makes everyone else try a little bit harder and strive for something better, and it's good. If ever we've done something like that, then everybody's been there. We're as much influenced by everybody else as they are by us, if they are. It's just all a part of the big thing. I give to you and you give to me and it goes like that into the music you know.

George: The Guru and Disciple relationship is where the person has a 100% belief in the Guru and that way you put your trust in the Guru, that he's going to get you out of this mess. If you are a Christian, then Christ is your Guru, and they're all disciples of Christ. If they are. So to put your full belief in your Guru, because it's for your own good, because you've decided that . . . It's just having a lot of respect for the person and it's like that with music as well . . . You should love your instrument and respect it. Whenever Ravi does a concert he'll put his special thing on, and get nice and clean and washed up and get his joss-sticks going. He's very straight, he doesn't drink or smoke or anything like that and by his real devotion he's mastered the thing. By his own discipline. He's playing for 18 hours a day for about 15 years, that's why he's that good. I've got no illusions about being a sitar player, I mean it's nothing like that. I really see it in perspective because he's got about 10,000,000 students who are all so groovy playing the sitar and yet he's only got hope for one of them to really make it, so that's me out for a kick-off. But that's not the important thing you see. The thing is, that however little you learn of it, it's too much, it's too much. Indian music is brilliant and for me, anyway, (this is only personal) it's got everything in it. I still like electronics and all sorts of music if it's good but Indian music is just . . . an untouchable you can't say what it is, because it just is.

Your religion, or whatever you're doing, so if you're putting out something to make people happy and something that's a bit devotional. It's got to be. If you spend all your life in a studio; you can't last out if it's not. Stockhausen (he's the one we mention in IT, Stockhausen, he's really IT), and all the others, they're just trying to take you a bit further out or in, further in, to yourself. The way out is in. It's since the newspapers started the drug craze. That's it, you see, isn't that a bizarre scene, I mean you're the only honest paper, really, when you get down to it. What I mean is, that thing about the sales, that's all they're concerned with, how many . . . all this bullshit, on the front page how many papers we've sold today, and we're selling more than the Daily Express, hup yer. All their silly games, all that crap. And another thing they're always saying, "The Daily Mirror carried 13,000 inches of advertising -- and fuck-all to read, just a lot of shit. Actually bragging about how, it's stupid isn't it, it's a newspaper, anyway, we forgive them, as always. But this is the great thing. When you've got yourself to a point where you've realised certain things about life and the world and everything like that, then you know that none of that can affect you at all because you know it's the same thing now with those newspaper people they were always writing all that, just making it up. The thing is we know what the scene is, and we know them, they're all those little fellows. They'd all really like to be happy and they try to be happy but they're in a nasty little organisation and it's great really. The whole thing of hate, anybody who hates, I feel sorry for them you know, that they are in that position and the newspapers are like that. I feel we got away from the point, whatever it was. The point was, you can print your paper, you know they can't touch you because you know more than them and it's obvious because they'd be the ones to puzzle about it. On our side of the fence there's no puzzling to it. We know what it is.

The police are people as well. All those nasty people aren't really nasty if they'd realise it. All those policemen can't be themselves and they've got to do that game and pretend to be a policeman and go all through that shit about what's in the book, they've got to make themselves into a little part of themselves which is a lie and an untruth. The moment they put a uniform on they're bullshitting themselves, just thinking that they're policemen, because they are not policemen. They think that they created a thing called policemen and so then they try and enforce their creation on others and say "Now we've made a thing and it's called The Police and we want you all to believe in it and it's all for your own good and if you don't look up to it you'll get your ass kicked and you'll go in the craphouse."

You just keep changing the subject onto what you think we should be talking about and I'll just talk it back out of it again onto this . . . to people who look at the scene negatively, then it is, and they stay in their drab world. We've got to get it back again, after the war, and get it back to how it should be -- everybody's happy and smiling and leaping about and doing what they all know is there that they should be doing. There's something happening. If everybody could just get into it, great, they'd all smile and all dress up. Yes -- that'd be good. "The world is a stage." Well he was right, because we're Beatles, and it's a little scene and we're playing and we're pretending to be Beatles, like Harold Wilson's pretending to be Prime Minister and you're pretending to be the Interview on IT. They're all playing. The Queen's the Queen. The idea that you wake up and it happens that you're Queen, it's amazing but you could all be Queens if you imagined it . . . they'll have a war quickly if it gets too good, they'll just pick on the nearest person to save us from our doom. That's it, soon as you freak out and have a good time, it's dangerous, but they don't think of the danger of going into some other country in a tank with a machine - gun and shooting someone. That's all legal and above board, but you can't freak out -- that's stupid.

*Krishna Consciousness. -- A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami -- Happening Records N.Y.C.
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AN OPEN PIT ON MINER'S RIDGE LARGE ENOUGH TO BE SEEN ON THE MOON!

ROB & CINDY COLE

Kennecott Copper wants to dig a giant pit in the meadows of Miners Ridge and into the slopes of Plummer Mountain, a hole 500 feet deep and a half-mile in diameter. They would be blasting and excavating for 30 years. The waste rock, two-thirds of the material to be excavated, will be heaped and piled upon the surrounding alpine meadows. A concentrator plant with a capacity of 5,000 tons a day will be built on a creek below the pit. Processing will require some 5,000 tons of water a day, supplied from a reservoir that would flood much of the valley. Tailings & pollution from the concentrator will be spread over the surrounding area blighting forests, killing fish and poisoning water in the Suiattle drainage. For this monstrous technological destruction of the heart of Glacier Peak Wilderness Area, Kennecott gets two days worth of copper at our current rate of consumption.

Who is the real pretender behind the Kennecott Facade Greed. Lake Midas, the earth movers want all they can get their hands on, no matter where it is, or who gets stepped on in the grabbing.

What will the copper be used for? War. Kennecott claims this open pit is needed for "national defense & the maintaining of our standard of living." Garbage! This country is in no critical need of copper, & even if it were the hold at Miner's Ridge would supply a negligible amount; less than 0.5% of the annual U.S. copper consumption. Kennecott's open pit at Bingham, Utah, currently produces in one year, over 20 times what the proposed Miners Ridge scar would produce in 30 years! Measured against Kennecott's production, meas-

ured against U.S. consumption, measured anyway you like, the mine's yield would be infinitesimal. It is not needed to make war or to increase our affluence.

Nonetheless, the money-grubbing profiteers of this New York based outfit insist on gouging the scenic heart of the North Cascades for petty cash. From 600 feet above Manhattan Kennecott assures us that "Time will take care of any temporary invasion of the area." In 5,000 to 10,000 years we'll never know they were there.

Kennecott is operating on a 19th century ethic which John Muir appropriately called "gobble-gobble economics": the glory in technological feats that cut up the earth and pave it over. This avaricious compulsion must be stopped, but it is not easy.

Official channels are hung up because the mining crowd still gets its way in Congress, & still operates out of the 1872 Mining Act that was designed to "open up" the frontier, and bring the bright machinery of "civilization" to the inscrutable wilderness. And in 1967 the earth moving mob is still allowed the excessive rights and freedoms of 1872.

The Forest Service is powerless to stop Kennecott because the mining lobby got its way in 1964 with the passage of the Wilderness Act. They forced Congress to allow them to prospect and mine until 1984 (Orwell readers take note) in wilderness areas, although those concerned from Secretary of Agriculture Freeman on down to the local forester have said that open-pit mining is incompatible with wilderness.

Conservation groups like the North Cascades Conservation Council, Mountaineers Sierra Club, Wilderness Society, you name it--every conservation group in the nation that anybody ever heard of--are actively denouncing Kennecott, and actively enlisting public support for a nationwide campaign to stop Kennecott.

Yet the profiteers sit on their 1872 Mining Act "rights" and insist that they'll begin operations as soon as the snow melts, public be damned. But they won't be up there alone; there will be others, hiking, camping, fishing and...watching. And especially on August 5, this summer, will Kennecott look back, as the aroused join Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas in the great Camp-out, hike-in, love-in, be-in at the end of the Suiattle river road. Watch for further details, & then come out for what will be more than impotent gesture.

Kennecott will be stopped.

Several weeks ago the Sunday Ramparts ran an ad for a recording by a San Francisco rock group. The ad consisted of one of those poster art things surmounted by the group's name in typically illegible lettering. Indistinguishable from the real thing, except for more legible lettering at the bottom which bore these tidings: LOVE FROM WARNER BROTHERS.

Love from Warner Brothers, Inc. The next voice you hear will be Ronald Reagan, with a flower up his ass, bringing us LOVE FROM the Young Republicans (sponsored, again, by 20-Mule-Team-Borax). The next step will be mass-produced shoes that look like feet (for that barefoot look) and little Orphan Annie in beads.

There is, in fact, nothing about the hippie style that cannot be commercialized. At one time I thought that the hippies had a nicely insidious device for undermining society: a mood rather than a movement. The trouble is that exploiting the irrational is precisely Madison Avenue's specialty. To the extent that the hippie scene is a matter of style without program, to just that extent Madison Avenue will be able to exploit it. Giggly flower bearing, in Delay's neat phrase, will be tomorrow's sales gimmick. But draft resistance, for example, cannot be commercialized, because it is specific rather than stylistic. You can commercialize a style, but not an ambiguous statement of rebellion.

Dissent, in other words, must make a cogent, unambiguous statement, or else the Amoeboid Society will just ooze over it and eat it up.

The draft is the most threatening aspect of our society, the first one that should provoke that clear dissent. The rest of society, after all, is full of niches and crevices for good-natured anarchism (how else could hippies exist?). But the draft is a direct threat to the freedom of young men. And the selective service system is not infinitely stupid, it is learning about the stratagems and psych-outs. It is implacable.

In the face of such a direct threat, Tim Leary's smiling message of quietism becomes worse than irrelevant. "Don't vote, don't protest, don't picket, don't politick," he says, "and, above all, don't let them take your minds." But it's not your mind the draft is after. What would the Army do with minds? It's your bod they want, and the filthy war in Viet-Nam (and other such wars in the making) is what they want it for. It will take protest, picketing, and politicking to demonstrate that they can't take you. Don't let them take anything.

SCUM

The principal source of Seattle's "invisible urban problem" are twelve hidden holes beneath the surface of Lake Union: twelve archaic combination storm-sanitary sewers. Built nearly 60 years ago and measuring up to 45 inches in diameter they drop a variously estimated 80 to 95 % of the sewage that muddies the lake. Risking an old analogy, compared to ancient Rome's sewage system Seattle's underground circulation is an arcane swiftian fantasy.

After the successful completion of the Lake Washington Metro Plan and public promises that soon houseboat sewage would be piped to snore our concerned citizenry felt releaved and clean about its civic waters. This is plainly unwarranted. Those 12 holes will continue to pour the major portion of sewage into Lake Union and it will continue to seep into Lake Washington until something is done about it.

On June 7, 1963, S.P. Lehman, Director of Public Health sent a letter to the City Council outlining the problem and strongly recommending that something be done about it. Since that time the Floating Homes Association - the effective creation of its secretary Terry Pettus - is doing something about their snare but the City Council seems to have filed the entire business away. The notion that houseboat owners are the principal offenders is patently absurd. That they receive most of the criticism is unfair especially considering that Pettus' organization has taken methodical and what will probably prove exemplary steps toward planning the most effective houseboat sewer system. And they will soon be constructing it.

But the city...the city is doing nothing. There is simply not enough money and it takes an enormous amount of money to correct an enormous problem. Perhaps the point of all this is so old and obvious that it will be missed. The question is certainly why isn't there enough money? In the midst of national affluence circulates polluted air and water, yet we seem so slow to do something about it. Our city's sewage problem will obviously require a federal grant for its solution. We should actively be about getting it and not evade the problem by simply ignoring it or what's worse expending our energies in scapegoating the houseboats.

ALL ANNE BUST

Rita's meter brother isn't quite so lively. Anne Dawson was walking down the street with a couple of friends when she passed a motor scooter meter minder who was writing out a ticket for an overparked white ford. The red "violation" sign was up, but white was also visible, so, for her daily altruistic deed, she stuck a dime in the meter.

The cop's reaction was immediate. "Get over here, young lady!" She went over. "Is that your car?...Do you have any I.D.? We've had enough trouble in the district with you people..." (Note: I've known Anne for 6 months now, and she is by no stretch of the imagination a "hippy," even assuming that such names do actually characterize living people.--ed.)

Faced with a sudden explosion of hostility and informed that she was going "downtown," Anne began to cry. At this point Robbie Stern, who had been passing by, came over to find out what had happened.

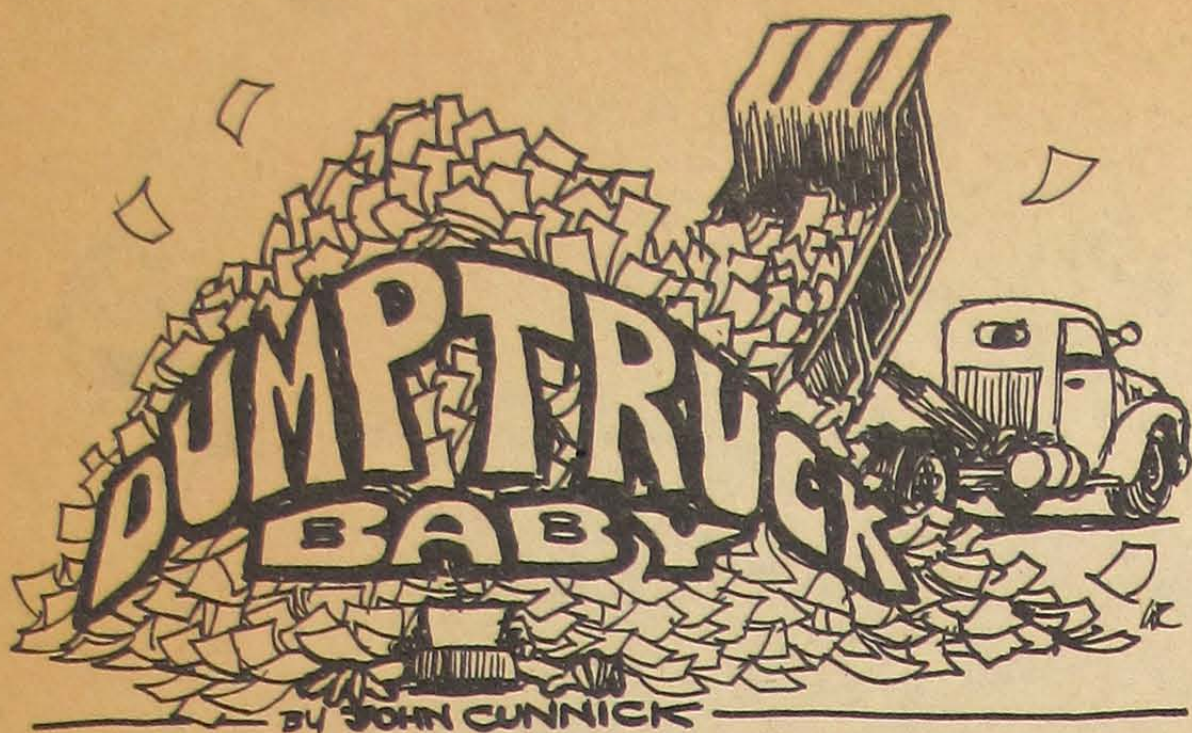
He was unable to discover the exact charge (the police called the station, but the station had mislaid the meter feeding section number). Anne was taken down without being specifically charged.

After being dragged downtown, hassled, and generally being treated like a felon for committing a variant on a \$3 offense, she was released with a copy of her ticket and told that she must call in to find out bail within a seven day period after the next two calendar days had passed, or be subject to arrest. The ticket was marked "aiding & abetting," without stating what had been aided and abetted. ACLU lawyer Mike Rosen, who

had been notified, took one look at the ticket and asked what it was that had been aided and abetted. He was told that she had furthered a "traffic violation."

The two calendar days passed, and Anne called to find out about bail. The station had no record of the citation. She continued to call. Still no record could be found. The 7-day deadline came closer & closer.

Finally she got in contact with a human lieutenant who made a note of the fact that she had made a continuing attempt to comply with police regulations. Another call made 9 days after the "crime" and 2 days after the deadline for paying bail, little Mrs. Dawson finally discovered the amount owing. Does \$31.00 sound like a mistake? Hardly, what with the need for funds for the Wash. State Driver's Education Fund and all. "Correct. A straight fine of \$25 for the charge and an additional \$6.00 for" the above mentioned most worthy cause. Anne: "The what?...Thank you very much." Next series of events: quick call to Mike R. with plea for help, quick loan from mommy-in-law, instructions to pay & request trial date. What next? Court, judge, etc. and PLEASE Anne, no more tears--those harness bulls have big but hard hearts.



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THANK GOD FOR THE L.A. FREE PRESS
WHICH TOLD IT LIKE IT HAPPENED....

The Free Press gave 13 of its 24 pages in the June 30 edition to coverage of the L.A. police attack on peace paraders d3

demonstrating outside the Century Plaza Hotel.

Inside was Lyndon B., eating, drawling, making his own peculiar sort of political peace with the West Coast power structure.

During the period between 7:30 P.M. and 9:15 P.M. on that bloody Friday in L.A., the peace march by 15-20,000 Americans was brutally interrupted by 1,500 well-equipped city policemen.

As the Free Press' H. Lawrence Lack put it:

"Armed and equipped like the domestic Special Forces which they are, the white-helmets in full riot gear quick-stepped into four cordons between the marchers and the hotel. A cloak and dagger atmosphere of maneuvering and secret signals prevailed."

The police gave orders to the marchers--and immediately prevented marchers from obeying them.

Lack again:

"The great majority of the marchers were anxious to keep moving, as per their instructions, as they wished to avoid legal violations. They were prevented from doing so, according to the leaders of the demonstration, largely by the actions of the police, who blocked the route. The few hundred demonstrators who sat down in the street in small groups were an insignificant obstacle to those who wished to continue on their way."

Such was the atmosphere when the attack came--a massive, obviously well-planned assault on the marchers.

The Free Press transcribed telephone reports from some of the victims:

"A nightstick was broken over the side of my head. I fell down, and there was a struggle, which I don't remember too well. I was pulled out of the truck to the ground, handcuffed and placed in a police car. I asked for medical attention, and a doctor...tried to help, but was not allowed to attend to me. I was refused medical attention while in jail..." The call came from a woman.

"...When a policeman started to prod me with his billyclub, I grabbed it. It was a defensive reflex. But it only made matters worse, for several of them began to hit me, and I was beaten to the ground and momentarily knocked unconscious...I was pulled to my feet...the man on my right arm seemed to be trying to break my arm and my fingers."

"...Barbara is only five feet, two inches tall, a small girl...a policeman kned her in the stomach and hit her in the jaw with his club. Her nose was cut and bleeding. The cop's shoe had done that..."

"My son, 18, is a hemi-plegic. He is paralyzed on his right hand. His left leg is in a brace. He has double vision...the police attacked my son. He fell on the street and was struck on the head...a policeman stepped on his good hand and kicked him."

"...I saw one girl get pushed down by a policeman and another one come up to her and kick her in the back and stomp her in the face."

"A man and a lady were holding a baby between them and trying to protect it. A cop tripped the lady and the baby went rolling across the cement."

According to Lack's account in another part of the June 30 Free Prez

Free Press, about 75 persons were treated for injuries and released and an unknown number hospitalized. Fifty-one were arrested.

Free Press publisher-editor Art Kinkin, in a story which began on page one of the Bloody Friday special, said the L.A. police definitely had an alternative to violence:

"There was a clear alternative to the police riot at Century City. The police properly should have adopted a defensive posture, maintaining their protective lines in front of the hotel where the President was dining and cooperating on traffic control with the parade monitors. There was never any clear 'danger' to the police, the President or public safety which justified dispersal of the crowd (until, of course, the police themselves endangered public safety)..."

"The police are not stupid. They must have known that their order to disperse was inevitably a prelude to violence."

On page 18, Elliot Mintz looked at the L.A.P.D.'s assault on the peace marchers this way:

"If the Sunset Strip was difficult, if their behavior in Watts was sickening, then their actions out at Century City were insane."

Free Press coverage of Bloody Friday was total. The L.A. paper put out a special the Monday afterwards and then followed up with its 24-pager of June 30.

Bloody Friday in L.A. An isolated incident? Perhaps Free Press publisher Kinkin had an answer to that when he mentioned coverage of the assault by TV Channel 2 in L.A.:

"In their documentary, 'L.B.J. in L.A.,' Channel 2 commentators speculated on the reason for police aggressiveness. They said they had heard that the Secret Service was unwilling to permit unfriendly crowds anywhere near the President of the United States, and therefore influenced police behavior. Channel 2 then rightfully asked: What will be the effect on the 1968 elections if only friendly crowds are going to be permitted in a city the President is visiting?"

What, indeed?

This is really incredible! Three years ago we wouldn't have been able to get a letter printed in the PI; now we have our own organ. A copy finds its way into a straight office or hospital, and during coffee break the secretaries and nurses giggle over the four letter words and typos, and look at the pictures. The next time some kid on the street shouts something about Seattle's Only Pharmaceutical Fortnightly, they pick up a copy: guaranteed for a few laughs on the busride home.

Except for the intellectuals (who don't count, really) no one knew what the postwar French existentialists were saying; no one knew what the beats were saying, and the pop press synopses didn't do much to break their own paper empire. But people know what we're saying.

The underground press came along and started putting bits of bright colored borderline psychosis in straight homes almost at random. They hear us. Not a paraphrase, not a cocktail party explanation, but US in the living dead newsprint skin and nerve. People whose paper universes, five years ago, were bounded by Loudon Wainwright and Duncan's Driftwood Diary, are suddenly confronted with masses of dream, strange drawings, and irresponsible opinion.

The Christian Science Monitor tells the story behind, & like it is. The times tells the monitor what's happening. We provide a necessary outlet for lies and half truths. The entire nation, faces pressed almost unendurably to the fleshy root of the nitty gritty, greets our flow of misinformation like a breath of fresh air. Paranoid rumours--the City Council is made up of a secret circle of necrophiliacs who have hypnotized Robt. McNamara--grow and flourish.

And I sit here behind my typewriter, feeling almost like the Beatles, planning to put whatever is in my head, at least for a few seconds, in ten or 20 thousand heads.

Media are a groove. I think I'd like my own radio program. Give my friends a TV station. Even a chance to slip a little free verse into the Presidential Press Releases....

Cavalier has already printed an article on the underground papers; Playboy--not nearly so hip, but rich enough to be Conscious--plans one for their next issue. Hey, we're a significant phenomenon.

I've pretty much taken the papers for granted: here I and a bunch of friends have a newspaper, and it's nice because that way I can unload my brain, publish a bunch of poems that I otherwise would have given away or lost, and yeah, it's a groove to see your name in print.

But the other day a man came into the office, and he mentioned that he had unsuccessfully tried to start a paper during the McCarthy era. I didn't talk to him long, so I really didn't get a chance to find out what it had been like trying to swim against Sen. Joe's current, but I was thinking about it later.

There were no kids on the Ave in those days. No thousands and thousands of students and drop-outs to buy--and peddle--a paper. The man on the street already knew what the reds had to say--Senator Dodd had told him--and he didn't need to struggle through the Daily Worker or New Republic to find out what they were thinking.

Time now devotes pages and pages to these fascinating-engaging-though-sadly-naive-gypsy-rebels, but then there was no ambivalent coverage of commies. No one half admired the radical; no one wanted to learn about their strange drugs and free sex. The papers sold by subscription only, and of course the lukewarm liberals didn't want their names on any list that might be subpoenaed tomorrow. There were no ads, and the people--possibly capable of producing a great paper--who created this poor, grey sheet, were working under the added disadvantage of knowing that anyone who subscribed was already a Believer and wasn't being told anything that he didn't already half know.

Now along come about a million dope and idea pushers. Shining high school kids decide that a way of life--previously restricted to fold singers, delicate youths who were always chosen last at recess, and victims of brain damage--is where it's at; and someone decides to give the new community a paper.

So we sit and talk and write and somebody draws and borrows money and finds a cool printer (THE PRINTERS in Lynnwood) and pretty soon we have 3,000 copies of a learn by doing medium on the streets. The kids who peddle shout "hippy rag," and a whole lot of people buy out of curiosity.

The paper sells -- unless it's a total insult to the reader it has to sell--and another paper is planned. The printer is given part of the money we owe him, and he'll run off anything we write or draw; no requirements about experience, credibility or general coherency. The pages get back from the printers and, upheld by the bouyancy of a social movement, they're sold. We even get a chance to ball some, to experiment, relatively secure in the knowledge that we have a ready-made audience for any paper that really works.

No one knows anything about bookkeeping or office work, but the editor correlates the most pressing processes and functions, and the papersort of stumbles along.

MARIJUANA IN METAMORPHOSIS

BURNING A NEW LEAF "CRUEL & UNJUST PUNISHMENT"

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In 1378, L'Emir Soudoun Sheikhoui issued a decree in the Middle Eastern domain of Djoneina which proclaimed punishment for the consumption of *Cannibis Indica* - anyone convicted of eating this "revolting excrement" was to have his teeth extracted.

(Enter: self-righteous 20th century vociferation - "Cruel & unjust punishment! Cruel & unjust etc.)

Yet...today, dentists and dentures are readily available, but a marketable substitute is lacking for the five year mandatory, no-parole, no suspended sentence extracted by the Uniform Narcotics Act

(Enter: self-righteous 20th Century applause - Dope Fiends! Dope Fiends!")

which erroneously includes *cannibis sativa* within its federal jurisdictional & punitive powers.

Indeed...if the 300,000,000 people throughout the world (who) are said to use marijuana" were to suddenly be transplanted and convicted under incredible U.S. statutes, the grand total at minimum, would amount to one billion and five hundred million years of imprisonment.

But this projection seems hardly necessary as it appears that our federal and local witch-hunters have their broom closets chucked full. "Narcotics officers throughout the country report that marijuana arrests thus far in 1967 are running from 300 to 1000 percent higher than last years banner rate." This "banner rate" included "by March of 1966...6,000 people in California jails (alone) for breaking marijuana laws."

In this same month, the Texans carved one more reactionary notch on their "sick-shooters" by sentencing Dr. Timothy Leary to 30 years (coupled with a fantastic fine of \$30,000) on March 11, 1966 in Laredo, Texas for the possession of a mere one-half ounce of marijuana.

This year's most unbelievable "bust" occurred in May with the arrest of Dr. Leslie A. Fiedler whose affiliation with LEMAR undoubtedly had nothing to do with this hysterical hang-up. A Ph.D. of the University of Buffalo and "one of America's best known and respected literary critics," he was arrested together with three members of his family and charged with "keeping a house where drugs are used."

Yes, Virginia...there is a federal clause which arrests and convicts human beings who go to the bathroom just like you and me for simply possessing or consuming one of Nature's own.

Yes, Virginia...while millions of your elders are pumping themselves full of the unquestionable dangerous drug called ethyl alcohol...popping the 100% caffeine stimulant drug "Wacoz"...and dropping the "what-happened-to-me-was-a-simple" depressant drug "called Compoz"...thousands of other people are incarcerated and imprisoned by a law which scores of reputable individuals and organizations have branded as unrealistic...a law which has no biological, etc. basis in fact.

Yes, Virginia...it happens in Seattle every week. Son on the eve of your next "Night Before" as you're sitting around the marijuana tree and lighting up your own Northern Star...remember the sound you hear in your own chimney could well be that "messenger of law and order" - the Narcotics Agent.

And if your "stash" shudders at the truth of these statements, I suggest you follow the coach of Count de Sade to the four-ring circumcision known as Municipal, Justice, Superior, and Federal Courts and jump around with the kangaroos as they brutally push a cross-section of today's society through the Uniform Narcotics hoop.

In arena number two, one of the Justice Courts for Seattle hears narcotics cases (among others) at 1:30 P.M. every Monday. You can always tell when the fun is about to begin because you hear the King County Sheriff's parade before it arrives in the courtroom...a distant clanking of human beings who appear through a side door, hand-cuffed to a long chain.

Last June 26th, a monday, a young man pleaded not guilty to a marijuana and "dangerous drug" (amphetamines) charge. Officer Holter of Seattle's "Special Patrol Squad" promptly took the stand as the prosecution's first witness. With members of his "thin-grey-line-which-stands-between-chaos-and-order" looking on, he related how he and another officer Baus had stopped the young man for a traffic violation (it must have been a "special" traffic offense) and upon checking the young man's automobile registration...just happened to notice a vial of pills protruding from beneath a torn seat cover.

Of course, the expected reaction was the "dope-fiend-response" and as this provided the excuse for the search of the automobile...pity the thousands of medicine cabinets, purses and pockets in Seattle which contain vials of prescription pills and could provide "probable cause" and could result in your person, automobile or home being searched and you being arrested on suspicion of narcotics until chemical analysis proved different.

Outcome? In this young man's case, the "33 grams of green vegetable matter" (think of the "probable causes" in your kitchen) found as a result of the search, was said by a Seattle Police Department chemist to be *cannibis sativa* and the vials of pills - amphetamines. Disposition? Bound over to Superior Court on the day before Independence Day, Monday, July 3rd.

On the same day, two other young men pleaded not guilty to a marijuana charge. In testimony by the Chief of Police of North Bend it transpired that the two young men had been set-up for "a buy" based on information supplied by what the Chief called "an informant's telephone call." They were promptly arrested at a North Bend policeman's home after the Chief's boy had made his purchase.

From June 12, 67 to early in July - not even a month - seventy-seven human beings have been charged in Justice Court for violations of the Uniform Narcotics Act (the majority involving marijuana) or possession of dangerous drug(s). The monday described above was just one day in one of the five Justice Courts for the District of Seattle. In addition, thirteen other King County Justice Courts hear marijuana violations. Their maximum imprisonment and/or fine for a misdemeanor is for the first offense - 6 months and/or \$200 on each count...second offense - 1 year and/or \$1000 on each count...and third offense - which becomes a felony, 10 years and/or \$10,000 on each count.

Of course, if Charles O. Carroll, who doesn't cheat at handball, deems the offense serious enough, he can re-file the charge in Superior Court, or if he-who-doesn't-cheat-at-handball so chooses, he can ini-

notes from the underground



Notes from the Underground: a novel diary by Feodor Dostoevsky.

Notes from the Underground: the diary of Julius Fucik, a Czechoslovakian Communist martyred by the Nazis.

Notes from the Underground: a UPS paper in Dallas.

Notes from the Underground: Radio 1967 by Tom Robbins on KRAB. Music of the flower rock mixed with laughter, rapping and instruction.

Right now this is the only place on radio where you can hear the Mothers of Invention, the Fugs, the Peanut Butter Conspiracy, Fresh Cream, if you live around Seattle. Sometimes it comes on Friday nights after 10:30 while being taped if the Friday night man pushes the right buttons, it comes on regularly on Sundays at 10 p.m., and it repeats at 7 a.m. Wednesdays; on 107.7 mc.

Tom Robbins has been Seattle Magazine drama critic, art exhibit promoter, PI special reporter on LSD, and District idea man.

It is ironic that the music we are talking about--psychedelic rock or whatever one might call it--is becoming the American popular music and is the subject of articles in national magazines, but is infrequently heard on popular music stations in Seattle. It is heard instead on hesitant KRAB.

KRAB is child of or mother to the Jack Straw Memorial Foundation and began FM broadcasts to subscribers and free riders 4½ years ago. Founder and manager is kindly lovable Loranzo Milan who expressed a desire when he started the thing for creative and original programs. There have been a few of these but most of the station time is taken up with commentaries, panels, ancient and foreign music, old blues, Baroque music, poetry, jazz and other imported good things. There is talk of a new tower and better signal and \$25,000 came up from donors to pay for it.

So it is even more hopeful when Tom Robbins comes along as he did a few weeks ago and does a creative program. There is too much talk on it for my taste but one can feel the need for it. Tom is talking for and with the hippies and the teeny-boppers and who else is? Among the plus items are very very good music, helpful advice to the young, and a sense that this radio show is not talking down nor is a learned pose.

Robbins has had the courage to come out front and tell his truth about music and mind freedom. Part of the truth is the facts and part of the truth is the fun and this is how people sound, even on the radio.

"This is Tom Robbins speaking from the butterscotch depository." And he begins.

UNCLASSIFIEDS

Going to Kyoto, growling 51 Desoto for sale \$50. Also books & furniture. - EA 2-8562. WANTED: Strobe Light. People having information contact Gerald Hill VI 2-4017 or John Neally VI 2-3726. Sitar Player and Family needs baby sitter desperately. Room & Board & \$75 a month. Free music lessons 2253-14th West. J. Fester Poultron. Call after Monday 17th or drop over earlier. Poetry, fiction, hysteria--ASPECTS MAG, 20¢, PO BOX 5125, Eugene, Oregon 97403. Guaranteed Relief 10¢: The Mad Peck, Dept. F, Box 2307 Eastside Sta. Providence, Rhode Island 02906. L.A.S. Call Viguy. Status clear - no risk. Urgent EL

tially file in Superior Court - or not a all!! Superior Court's maximum imprisonment and/or fine for this felony is for the first offense - 20 years and/or \$10,000 on each count (minimum statute requirement is 5 years)...the second offense - 20 years and/or \$10,000 on each count (minimum statute requirement increases to 10 years)...and the third offense - 40 years and/or \$25,000 on each count (minimum statute requirement is increased to 15 years).

If this doesn't rattle your water pipe, you can always have the unfortunate blessing of being charged by federal officers in Federal District Court and if convicted...you face on the first offense - a five year mandatory, no parole, no suspended sentence. And even under Seattle's code you could be arrested and charged in Municipal Court under the City Narcotics Ordinance (Possession, Sale, or Use of Narcotics) No. 17.04.40. If convicted, then you only face a mere maximum of 6 months imprisonment and/or \$500 on each count.

Well, Virginia...so much for minimums, maximums, and Mad Hatters. In the last six hundred years since L'Emir Soudoun Sheikhoui and his Djoneina decree...a period which the U.S. has prided and promenaded before the world as progress since Sheikhoui's periodontal solution...the regression has been unfounded and phenomenal. But let not the end of this analogy fall on deaf ears of our "thin-grey-line"...for our 14th century Arab dignitary discovered fifteen years after his promulgations that the use of *cannibis indica* in Djonaira had substantially increased.

Robin Yeager

THE MAD DUCK



live music
food & drink
COVER 26¢ CHARGE
4538 ROOSEVELT
WAY NE.

ACU
PRESENTS
SARK
ROBINSON
FOUKSING
6556-3544 N.E.

COMPOSER OF
JOE HILL
HOUSE I LIVE IN
SUN 16 2.00 ADULTS
1.00 CHILDREN

AVIATION COIN
THE CHINESE EMPIRE
SUN 16 2.00 ADULTS
1.00 CHILDREN
UNIVERSITY
SWAMP SHOW
4207 UNIV. WAY N.E.
PRICED 20¢ TO \$20
MANY SIZES FROM MANY
DYNASTIES BACK TO 100BC

**CEDRIC'S
CELLAR**
IN BALLARD ★ 18 AND OVER
FATHER BEAR'S MED-
ICINE SHOW

**2425 NW
MARKET**
9:00-1:30

FRI 14
SAT 15

ELECTRIC BE-IN**

AT GOLDEN GARDENS THIS
SUNDAY WITH THE
GRATEFUL DEAD
AND OTHERS.

IN THE AFTERNOON.....

THREE DANCES THIS WEEKEND

1. FRIDAY 14th EAGLES AUD. OCS
MAGIC FERN
FAMILY TREE & others.
UNION LIGHT
2. SATURDAY 15th
CEDRIC'S CELLAR.
PAPA BEAR'S MEDICINE SHOW *
(*says "father's in ad above.")
BEST NEW BAND IN TOWN
3. SUNDAY 16th EAGLES
OCS DANCE BIG ONE
GRATEFUL DEAD
(cf ad below)

10.

FROM 8 UNTIL 1
THE
GRATEFUL
DEAD
MAGIC FERN
DAILY FRESH
UNION LIGHTS
EAGLES SUNDAY JUL 16
2005

ASPHALT

(an alphabetical tone poem)
 The incredibly fast child voices -
 something of Pan: the old Pan:
 Pan of rut & forest terror,
 ringing a bronze blade around their
 shouts.
 Something of this tissue. Flesh
 & meat of the brown god's live
 stock thigh,
 & a sword, green with time rain,
 & buried in an ancient pine.
 (it was not children who ended
 the open exposure
 of children)
 Something of dogs: squalor
 & piled in yelping hunger
 (pyre in burning track)
 transmuted by a mythic odor.
 The slick, wax voices
 (liquid sob of skinned knee)
 & the pulsing organ
 of a small boy's visceral laugh.
 Something of the skull
 remains in the tether ball,
 something of the treehouse
 in the factory.

John Cunnick

BARB
 like to
 break her heart
 the fat real face from
 north dakota she
 says to him I am nothing
 she is nothing
 she is going on 21
 she is a beauty rolled in the
 moon
 between shoulders she
 calls
 "beer brothers' they touch
 her
 she does not like it
 it escapes him
 I am ego
 you are God
 yes it is a circle
 no it is a line she says
 it escapes him
 a line from yes to no &
 back she
 says you are god
 he says, she says I am
 nothing, not 21, all
 poetry fat girl swings into
 escapes Harry, him
 like to
 touch her, break
 (we shake hands)
 her heart

by
 Ed
 Smith

A Bronze Achilles

This bronze monument remem-
 bers
 forewarns the eye to forget the process
 of pretty kisses, bottoms climbed,
 or clinked clamour waiting to be tamed.
 Weaned from the tomb-hungry nipple,
 nibble at a style learned from electricity,
 from the Hydrogen bomb's nuclear
 reaction,
 instantly to outleap anyone's
 aquarium
 & pant out the thin-aired
 rasping song.
 Learning the lung of life, pink-
 lobed,
 its use & fashion, & this upright
 walking
 into the garden of words. Tooth
 the sun
 without the fancy spectacles of tears,
 a distended & dripping sea of moon's
 light.
 Huddle for the long vigil of the yolk,
 under no man's keel, now, nor
 temple dancer,
 leg lifting a gesture to swallow you
 in disaffection,
 while your lame god is limping to
 the fire
 to hammer a shield that will not
 hide your nakedness
 until you dent your own demons into
 shapes
 & humm the errand of your mind's de-
 termined wail
 into the instant atmosphere of the here
 & now.

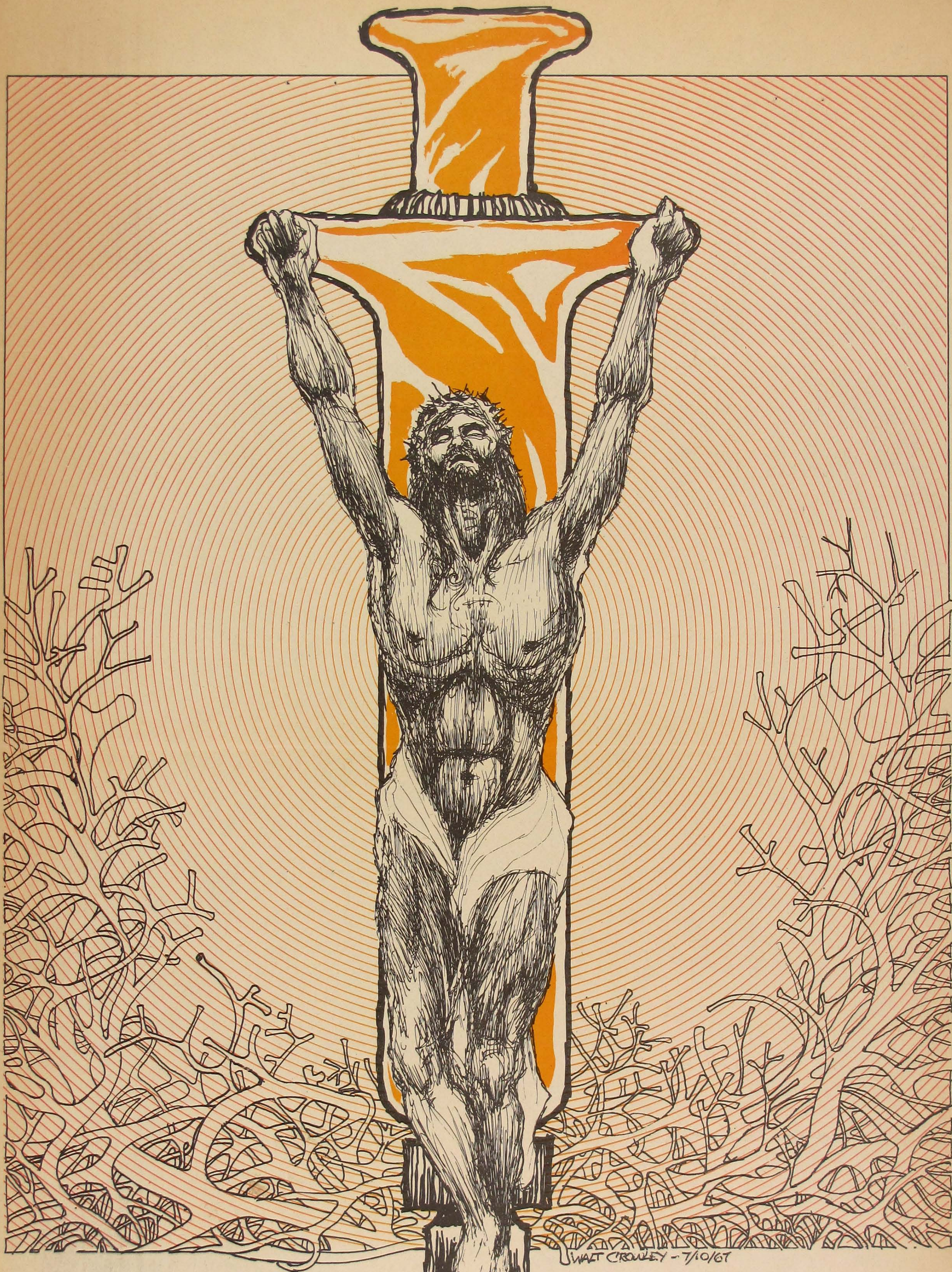
by Michael
 Wiater

Remembering Twin Peaks: Five A.M.

The grey beaded window
 leaning the kitchen
 against the fog;
 obscuring strolling house dogs
 who circuit the wet
 & shifting morning air.
 Dreams attain probability
 in a fog like that:
 A fog of hills & high
 weeds
 & dying rabbits
 on a cool kentucky
 morning.
 A sense of stability is
 necessary
 in a fog like that:
 some people never get home
 from a walk
 in the streetbound dawn
 cloud.
 Some get home but
 their neighbors say they don't
 seem the same,
 that their range of interest
 isn't
 what it would have been
 without that fog:
 A distant voice raises
 an irrelevant question:
 something about the rabbits.

John Cunnick





SWAT CROWLEY - 7/10/67

NEEDLE